

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:

Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,  
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:  
These fiftene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,  
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

*Beg.* These fiftene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,  
But did I neuer speake of all that time.

1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,  
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,  
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,  
And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,  
And say you would present her at the Leete,  
Because she brought stone-lugs, and no seal'd quarts:  
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Beg.* I, the womans maide of the house.

3. *man.* Why sir you know no house, nor no such maide  
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,  
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,  
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,  
And twentie more such names and men as these,  
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.

*Beg.* Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

*All.* Amen.

*Enter Lady with Attendants.*

*Beg.* I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.

*Lady.* How fares my noble Lord?

*Beg.* Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.  
Where is my wife?

*La.* Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

*Beg.* Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?  
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.

*La.* My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband  
I am your wife in all obedience.

*Beg.* I know it well, what must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Beg.* Alce Madam, or Ione Madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies

*Beg.* Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,  
And slept aboute some fiftene yeare or more.

*Lady.* I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Beg.* 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone:  
Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed.

*La.* Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two:  
Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.

For your Physicians haue expressly charg'd,  
In perill to incurre your former malady,  
That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Beg.* I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:  
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe:  
I wil therefore tarry in despite of the flash & the blood

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,  
For so your doctors hold it very meete,  
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,  
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,  
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,  
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

*Beg.* Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-

tic, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricket?

*Lady.* No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.

*Beg.* What, household stuffe.

*Lady.* It is a kinde of history.

*Beg.* Well, we'll see't:

Come Madam wife sit by my side,  
And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

*Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.*

*Luc. Tranio,* since for the great desire I had  
To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of Arts,  
I am arriv'd for fruitfull *Lombardie*,  
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,  
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd  
With his good will, and thy good companie.  
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,  
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute  
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.

*Pisa* renowned for graue Citizens  
Gau me my being, and my father first  
A Merchant of great Traffike through the world:

*Vincenzio's* come of the *Bentinoli*,  
*Vincenzio's* sonne, brough vp in *Florence*,  
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiv'd  
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:

And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,  
Vertue and that part of Philosophie  
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,  
By vertue specially to be achieu'd.

Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,  
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues  
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,  
And with facerie seekes to quench his thirst.

*Tranio.* *Me Pardonato*, gentle master mine:  
I am in all affected as your selfe,

Glad that you thus continue your resolute,  
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie,  
Onely (good master) while we do admire  
This vertue, and this morall discipline,  
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no Rocks I pray,  
Or so deuote to *Aristotles* checkes  
As *Ouid*; be an out-cast quite abur'd:  
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you haue,  
And practise Rhetorike in your common talke,  
Musike and Poesie vse, to quicken you,  
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphisickes  
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:  
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:  
In briebe sir, studie what you most affect.

*Luc.* Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,  
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,  
We could at once put vs in readinesse,  
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine  
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.  
But stay a while, what companie is this?

*Tranio.* Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

*Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherina & Bianca,*  
*Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortensio sister to Bianca.*

*Lucen. Tranio, stand by.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:  
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,  
Before I haue a husband for the elder:  
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,

Because

Because I know you well, and loue you well,  
Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* To carter rather: She's to rough for mee,  
There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?

*Kate.* I pray you sir, is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

*Hor.* Mates maid, how meane you that?  
No mates for you,  
Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould.

*Kate.* I faith sir, you shall neuer neede to feare,  
I wis it is not halfe way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,  
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd itoole,  
And paint your face, and vse you like a foole.

*Hor.* From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.  
*Gre.* And me too, good Lord.

*Tranio.* Hush! master, heres some good pastime toward;  
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.

*Lucen.* But in the others silence do I see,  
Maids milde behaviour and sobrietie.

*Peace Tranio.*  
*Tranio.* Well said Mr. mum, and gaze your fill.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soone make good  
What I haue said, *Bianca* get you in,  
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,  
For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle.

*Kate.* A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,  
and she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister content you, in my discontent.  
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:  
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,  
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.

*Luc.* Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerva* speak.  
*Hor.* Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,  
Sorrise am I that our good will effects  
*Bianca's* greefe.

*Gre.* Why will you mew her vp  
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,  
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.

*Bap.* Gentlemen content ye: I am resould:  
Go in *Bianca*.

And for I know she taketh most delight  
In Musike, Instruments, and Poetry,  
Schoolmasters will I keepe within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,  
Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,  
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,  
I will be very kinde and liberall,  
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,  
And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay.

For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*

*Kate.* Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?  
What shall I be appointed houres, as though  
(Belike) I knew not what to take,

And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit.*

*Gre.* You may go to the diuels dam: your guits are  
so good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not  
so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together,  
and fast it fairly out. Our cakes dough on both sides.

Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if  
I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that  
wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

*Hor.* So will I signior *Gremio*: but a word I pray:  
Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd  
parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that  
we may yet againe haue access to our faire Mistris, and

be happie riuals in  
one thing specially

*Gre.* What's that?

*Hor.* Marrie sir,

*Gre.* A husband

*Hor.* I say a husband

*Gre.* I say, a diu

her father be verie r

married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush *Gremio*

mine to endure her

good fellowes in th

them, would take h

*Gre.* I cannot te

with this condition

morning.

*Hor.* Faith (as y

apples: but come,

it shall be so farre f

ping *Baptista's* eldef

yongest free for a h

Sweet *Bianca*, happ

failest, gets the *Rin*

*Gremio.* I am ag

best horse in *Padua*

roughly woe her,

house of her. Com

*Exit.*

*Tranio.* I pray sir to

That loue should e

*Luc.* Oh *Tranio*

I neuer thought it

But see, while ide

I found the effect

And now in plainn

That art to me as f

As *Anno* to the *Q*

*Tranio* I burne, I p

If I achieve not th

Counsaile me *Tr*

Assist me *Tranio*, f

*Luc.* Master, i

Affection is not ra

If loue haue touch

*Redime te captam q*

*Luc.* Gramerc

The rest wil comf

*Tranio.* Master, y

Perhaps you mark

*Luc.* Oh yes, I

Such as the daugh

That made great

When with his kn

*Tranio.* Saw you n

Began to scold, an

That mortal cares

*Luc.* *Tranio*, I

And with her bre

Sacred and sweet

*Tranio.* Nay, the

I pray awake fir

Bend thoughts a

Her elder sister is

That til the Fathe

Master, your Loue

And therefore has